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On the Eyes

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EUGENICS AND CHERRIES

By WINIFRED BLACK.

HERE'S a woman out in Denver who wants to tell the children all about everything the minute they are old enough to go to school. She has talked the school people into her way of thinking and a very logical, sensible, practical, matter of fact way it seems to be when she tells about it, and the new course is to begin this fall, maybe. A protest against the new course is going up already.

"I don't want my little girl to learn that sort of thing in a class," said an indignant and protesting mother to the president of the board of education the other day. "When it is time for her to know I'll tell her myself, thank you. And, besides, I don't believe in all this study of the body, what the body needs, and what the body is and isn't. Why not get the mind to work awhile and see what that will do."

And altogether there's quite an interesting fight going on over this question of what a child should know, and who should tell him about it.

It's a queer thing about this body business. The first time I heard some one say that a certain man was too strong to work I thought it was rather a foolish joke.

I'd never known a "good condition" faddist then. I knew several of them now, and every one that I know is "too strong to work." They'll run on the track, play basketball, wrestle, "chill" themselves at seven times a day; but run on an errand for anybody, mow the lawn, put up a shelf in the pantry when the refrigerator has broken his pliantest word—not they.

When I want any real work done I don't get a big husky six footer with a famous set of muscles to do it. I pick out some little delicate man who has to make every muscle count, and it doesn't want to, and he'll do the job and do it right.

The strong man means well enough, but he can't really work; his body won't let him and his body is the ruler of the firm every day in the week.

Why not? He has spent valuable time teaching his body that it is the most important thing on earth. Why should it be bossed around by nothing but will and mind all the time?

The great big, bossy, dominating body has been the ruler too long to give up without a struggle, and the poor well meaning little soul has to sit in the corner and whine for a chance to express itself at all.

I wonder if all this idea of concentrating so much attention on the body is going to turn out so well after all? Early in life I found out that the way to keep from climbing the cherry tree when the cherries were too green to be wholesome was to keep just as far away from that tree as I could and to think about something else as hard as I could. My new frock, the heroine in my latest book, the way my mother looked, little things like that, I carried them in a pretty little green basket made of some kind of rushes or sweet smelling grass. I can see every cherry in that basket to this very day. It was a hot day in June. The neighbor lived a long mile away, through the pasture, down the wood road, over the little bridge, past the willow tree.

Once when I was a little girl I started to carry some particularly nice cherries to a neighbor who had been very ill. They were oxcarts, the only ones of the kind in those parts. I carried them in a pretty little green basket made of some kind of rushes or sweet smelling grass. I can see every cherry in that basket to this very day. It was a hot day in June. The neighbor lived a long mile away, through the pasture, down the wood road, over the little bridge, past the willow tree.

I started with a light heart. In the pasture I thought: "I wonder how many cherries there are in this basket? It is pretty heavy, it seems to me." And I looked and I tasted one—just one—oh how sweet it was.

It was hot in the pasture, the cherries were so juicy, just one more, in the woods I looked again. Yes, there they were, redder than ever—

just one more, who would miss it? On the bridge I tasted the cherries again, and under the weeping willow I sat down calmly and ate every single last one of those cherries, and I hid the basket and went and asked the neighbor how she was, and then I went home and told my mother that the neighbor was delighted with the cherries, but that she thought some of them were a little sour.

Something in my mother's look arrested the lie on my lips and I burst out crying and told her the miserable, disgraceful truth. And my mother kissed me and cried a little, too, and then she took me out to the tree and we gathered another basket almost as full of cherries as the first one and my mother said:

"Now go, and I'll tell you a secret. You won't eat a single cherry if you use my secret recipe. Think about something else all the way and you'll forget all about the cherries."

And I took the little green basket of sweet smelling grass and I carried it to the neighbor who had been ill, and she said she hadn't tasted anything so good in a year, and I saw all the way home, just because I "thought about something else" all the way.

I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to try this kind of plan when a little girl reaches the wondering age. Give her something very interesting to think about all the way. I wonder.

Beauty Secrets Of Footlight Favorites
How To Have Beautiful Tresses



MISS DIANA OSTE
(One of the Ziegfeld beauties in "The Winsome Widow" company)

By Diana Oste.
QUITE a lot of people have asked me what I do to keep my hair looking so well, and to make it grow so long.

I can't say that I had anything to do in making it grow long. My hair always was healthy and strong, and it's only since I've been on the stage that I realize that you have to

care for your hair to keep it in good condition.

The heat of the dressing rooms, the paint and powder, and the quantity of cold cream one uses, all have their effect on the scalp, and they are not good for the hair any more than is dust or other substances which clog the pores of the scalp.

The hair of the modern girl really does not get enough ventilation, and I believe that is one reason why there are so few fine heads of hair, such as we are told women used to have in generations past.

In the first place, sunshine is an absolute necessity for the hair, especially if it is light or has golden or reddish glints in it. You can notice right away the difference in the color of the hair of a blonde if after a period of long confinement in the house she spends a whole day in the sunshine without a hat on.

Whenever I get the chance I ventilate my hair, taking out all the hairpins and letting it down, running my hands through it, so that the air gets to the roots. If I have the good fortune to be in the country, I don't wear a hat at all, but go about with my hair hanging, letting the wind and sunshine act as beauty agents.

The Open Air.
One day in the open air will lighten the hair up wonderfully, and the blonde who can stay out of doors will never need the aid of the peroxide bottle. But, of course, to lighten up the hair in this natural way, you must let it down and brush and comb it frequently, so that the light and the air will get to all parts of it.

Bathing in salt water and then drying the hair in the strong sun will also lighten it considerably, but you must be sure and not try it too often, or the hair will become brittle and break off.

So many people have brittle hair that it's no wonder people who sell brilliantine make fortunes at it.

I have my own special way of oiling my hair, and though I don't do it very often, I do it very thoroughly, as you will see. Whenever I have a vacation, especially if that vacation occurs in the

summertime, I get ready a couple of little caps and, taking a bottle of good coconut oil, I go away in the country or some place where my friends are not likely to see me. I simply saturate my hair with the oil, rubbing it thoroughly into the scalp and into the ends of the hair as well.

When it is quite dried I braid it in two braids, wind it round my head and put a cap or net over the hair so that it won't look unpleasant or come down.

Whenever I can conveniently do so, without starting the neighborhood, I sit out in the open air and take the cap off, and ventilate the hair and scalp. At night I wear a little cap of oilskin to protect the pillow, and I leave this oil on for at least a week and sometimes two. Then when I am ready to come away, I shampoo my hair thoroughly with hot, soap suds made from sea bark, and dry it in the sun. For months it keeps a beautiful gloss due to the thorough oiling it received and I never have to do a thing to it.

I find that if I worry much, or am ill or dispirited, my hair shows it almost immediately and has to be oiled again though not as thoroughly, or, of course, as during vacation time.

Lots of times hair that is a little curly will get perfectly straight because it lacks nourishment and oil, and a little hair tonic or coconut oil will restore the curl.

I told a girl to sun and ventilate her hair and she went out and sat in the sun so long that she sunburned her scalp. It was very painful, and besides it faded her hair. When you are crowning glory, as the beauty books call it, don't sit in the broiling sun unless you have plenty of hair to cover your scalp with. Where the hair is thin, the skin is likely to be badly burned.

One of the worst things for the hair is the small modern hat. No ventilation at all in it, and after this fashion changes, I know the hair-dressers will reap their reward, for almost every one will need false hair.

I have always found that when the hair falls out too much it is due to two

The Essentials of Good Dress

are good, well fitting, stylish clothes, but above all clean clothes. We take out all spots, stains and dirt of any kind, so that your present suit will appear like a new one. Send us your best suit or gown and you surely will be pleased with the result. Phone us, we'll call.

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THE HUSBAND QUESTION

The Proposal Expected by the Widow Fails to Materialize and She Is Greatly Disappointed.
By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

A LONG letter came by mail for Beatrice as she sat at her breakfast table the following morning. It was from Sidney Randolph and enlarged upon his regret at being obliged to send her such a brief note the previous evening. He asked her pardon for what he feared must have seemed to her as brusque and discourteous and ended with a request to be allowed to see her the next afternoon.

Am sending," the letter ended, "a few flowers as a propitiatory offering to the goddess. May she forgive and be kind."

A little later, when the flaming heap of roses was uncovered, the "goddess" felt as much kindness as the sender could possibly have wished.

The following afternoon Sidney Randolph came, immaculate and distinguished in appearance, bringing with him a great bunch of iris—purple and silver blooms upon slender green stalks.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Beatrice. "My favorite flower! How did you know that?"

The Same Words.
The words were the same with which she had received Maynard's gift of violets several weeks ago, but the present guest was not aware of that, and the woman did not see the humor of the situation.

"I did not know they were your favorites," the donor answered gravely. "The donor of the gift—slim, graceful, chaste, growing in the coarse serge of marshy grounds, but all the more wonderful by their contrast with other things around them and had regarded such flattery might have seemed mawkish sentimental from another speaker, but as Beatrice looked into Randolph's dark eyes and saw the earnestness in her ring of sincerity and she flushed under his frank look of admiration. In her girlhood she had known other artists and had regarded with more or less contempt the affections of their cult. But with Sidney Randolph it was different.

The pair sat for a long time over Beatrice's dainty tea table, where tall glasses of iced tea were flanked by plates of thin sandwiches and crisp wafers. Before he took his departure, the artist begged his hostess again to be allowed to paint her portrait, but she had already pondered and weighed the proposition, and decided against it, although she had been secretly inclined to gratify her handsome supplicant.

"Dear Mr. Randolph," she said, seriously. "I am not a rich woman. Frankly, I have not the money to spend upon anything so frivolous and extravagant as perpetuating my face upon canvas. Even if I thought my face or figure worthy the honor, my conscience and my duty to my children would not allow it."

The man's instinctive good taste forbade his obeying the impulse to offer to waive the financial consideration, but he sought a compromise.

"Then may I come here often to see you and, perhaps, make a little sketch of you just for my own keeping?"

The subtle flattery of his plea moved the widow.

"You are welcome to come as often as you please, Mr. Randolph," she said, unhesitatingly. "I have no objection to your making in my house and in my manner the artist's old world grace."

"You are very good to me," he said simply. "Thank you. I shall come often."

He did come often—first, twice a week, and then on alternate days. Summer was advancing. The city was for midday, a glaring oven of asphalt and stone.

All of Beatrice's friends were leaving town. Henry Blanchard had gone west to his factory in Indiana, to be absent for a month or more. He wrote her occasionally, old-fashioned, pompous letters which amused her. June came, and the final seal of her approval upon his suit. She knew that her feeling for him was not the kind that she had given Tom Mines before her ghastly awakening, but Randolph charmed her, and she decided, if he loved her, she would accept his hand with his heart.

A Change.
With all this in her mind she was quick to detect a change in the man's usually happy demeanor when he called one afternoon early in July. He seemed distracted and worried and soon his speech explained the change that Beatrice had noted.

"You know what your companion, your quick understanding of me and my moods have meant to me through all these weeks, but for you, would have been wearing some and wearing," he said. "I wish I might make you understand now, must take my leave of New York soon."

Beatrice paled and started, but the man continued.

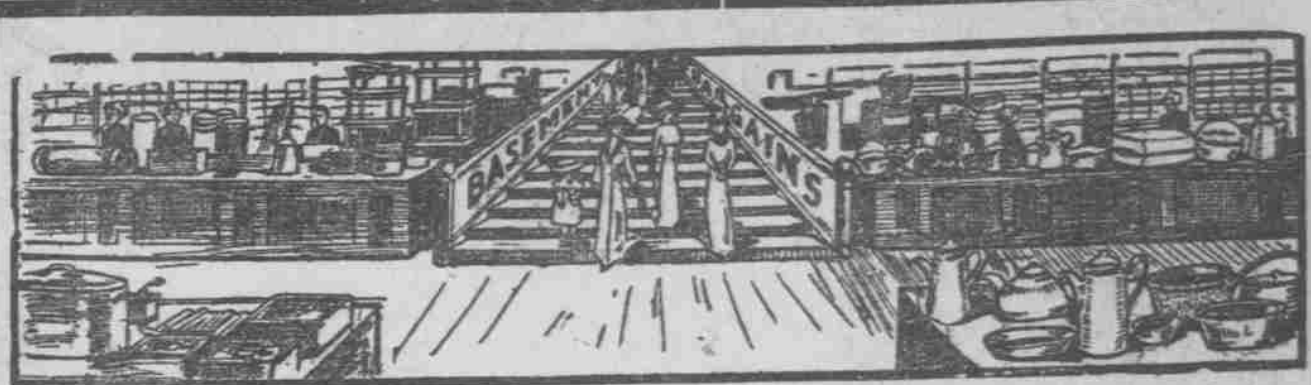
"I sail for Paris next Monday. Before I go I would like to have you understand what your companionship has meant to me. There was real feeling in his tone. "May I come again tonight and bring with me a little gift as a parting remembrance? I shall not return to New York until September, and meanwhile I want you to think of me—if you will. May I come tonight?"

The woman scarcely recognized her own voice as she gave her consent.

Later, when he had gone with the hopeful words, "Au revoir until evening," the widow stood where he had left her. The flowers he had brought her were upon the table near her. Suddenly, with a strange thrill and grip at her heart, she stooped and buried her face in their cool fragrance.

TEXAS PROHIBITIONISTS TO HAVE STATE CONVENTION SOON
P. F. Paige, state prohibition chairman, has called a state convention of prohibitionists to meet in the auditorium of the chamber of commerce in Dallas, at 10 o'clock a. m. Tuesday, August 12, for the purpose of nominating candidates for governor and other state officers; for the adoption of a platform and for the selection of a chairman and executive committee for the next two years.

"All voters who believe in the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, without present intention, it is to support the prohibition nominees in November, are cordially invited to enroll as delegates, irrespective of past political affiliation," says the call.



Plain, Practical Proof

In this great public economy and profit-sharing sale, why our Bargain Basement holds supreme leadership.

During this sale we shall make known to El Pasoans some vital truths, we shall inaugurate a sale that will make our Bargain Basement the certain marketing place in El Paso. Read the great news that follows:

GOOD QUALITY BLEACH or unbleached Domestic; worth 7c. Sale price.....	5c
1 LOT GINGHAMS, Calicoes, and challies, for aprons or dresses; worth to 8 1-2c. Sale price.....	5c
YARD WIDE BLEACH DOMESTIC, worth 10c. Sale price.....	7 1/2c
HOPE BLEACH DOMESTIC; 12 yards for.....	98c
ART TACK in many pretty designs; worth 15c. Sale price.....	10c
1 LOT DRESS LAWNS, Gingham, Batistes and White Swiss, in polka dots and fancy designs; values to 15c. Sale price.....	9c
TABLE OIL CLOTH—White, marble or colors; worth 25c. Sale price.....	18c
MISSES' WHITE APRONS—Nicely embroidered; worth 50c. Sale price.....	25c
1 LOT MIDDY BLOUSES—With blue sailor collar; worth 50c. Sale price.....	35c
DOUBLE WIDTH STENCILED SCIRM and White Curtain Swiss; 15c values. Sale price.....	9c
CURTAIN CRETONNES—Light or dark colors, handsome patterns; worth 10c. Sale price.....	7 1/2c
YARD WIDE SILKALINES—Solid colors and fancy patterns; worth 15c. Sale price.....	10c
SERPENTINE CREPE CLOTH in floral designs and solid colors; worth 18c. Sale price.....	15c
FULL SIZE FEATHER BED PILLOWS—With fancy tick; worth 75c. Sale price.....	49c
1 LOT GINGHAM APRONS—Worth 25c. Sale price.....	19c
WITH LONG SLEEVES—Worth 75c. Sale price.....	50c
YARD-WIDE COTTON CASHMERE—Black, white and colors; worth 15c. Sale price.....	12 1/2c
YARD-WIDE DRESS PERCALE—Blues, reds, grays and black with white; worth 12 1-2c. Sale price.....	9c
72x90 Ready to use Sheets; worth 50c. Sale price.....	39c
72x90 Bed Sheets, extra heavy; worth 80c. Sale price.....	49c
81x90 Ready to use Sheets; worth 70. Sale price.....	59c
90x90 Peppercorn Bed Sheets; worth 90c. Sale price.....	75c
90x108 Peppercorn Bed Sheets; worth \$1.00. Sale price.....	85c
42x36 Pillow Cases; worth 12 1-2c. Sale price.....	9c
42x36 Peppercorn Pillow Cases; worth 17 1-2c. Sale price.....	15c
WHITE OR COLORED BED SPREADS—Plain or fringed; worth \$1.25. Sale price.....	98c
\$1.65 value. Sale price.....	\$1.29
WHITE OR COLORED CROCHET BED SPREADS—Plain or fringed; worth \$2.00. Sale price.....	\$1.49

A \$5,000.00 Purchase of Lace Curtains bought specially for this sale. The greatest Lace Curtain Sale El Paso has ever known. The curtains are all new and embrace the latest styles in White, Cream and Arabian. It's a profit sharing event that seldom comes, and we urge you to take full advantage of it.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, handsome borders, plain or fancy centers; taped edge; worth 75c pair. Sale price.....	39c
Worth \$1.50 pair. Sale price.....	95c
Worth \$2.00 pair. Sale price.....	\$1.29
Worth \$2.50 pair. Sale price.....	\$1.95
Worth \$3.25 pair. Sale price.....	\$2.19
Worth \$4.50 pair. Sale price.....	\$3.50

GREAT PUBLIC ECONOMY AND PROFIT SHARING SALE, GALVANIZED, TIN AND ENAMELED WARE.	
5c DRINKING CUPS. Sale price.....	2c
1 LOT WASH BASINS, Potato Graters, Biscuit Cutters, Measuring Cups, Coffee Strainers, worth 15c each. Sale price.....	5c
1 LOT Enamel Soup Ladles, Nickelplated Table Knives, Paring Knives, Egg Beaters, Mixing Spoons, Milk Pans, Wash Basins, Enamel Cups, Water Dippers, Pie Pans, Jelly Tins, Pot Covers, etc., worth 15c each. Sale price.....	10c
1 LOT Enamel Pails, Coffee Pots, Stew Kettles, Cuspidors, Stew Kettles with covers; Colanders, Sauce Pans, Milk Pans, Mixing Bowls, Dinner Plates, 10c Milk Pails, etc.; worth to 35c. Sale price.....	19c
1 LOT Children's Enamel Chambers, Coffee Pots, Stew Pans, Stew Kettles, Wash Pans, Brass Wash Boards, Enamel Dish Pans, Frying Pans, Plated Waiters, Wa-	
ter Pails, Bread Pans, etc.; worth to 40c. Sale price.....	25c
1 LOT Enamel Water Pitchers, Stew Kettles, Coffee Pots, Tea Pots, etc.; worth 50c. Sale price.....	29c
1 LOT Enamel Water Pails, Foot Tubs, Coffee Boilers, Milk Pans, Drip Coffee Pots, Nickelplated Trays, worth to 60c. Sale price.....	39c
1 LOT Enamel Tea Kettles, Double Rice Boilers, Coffee Pots, Dish Pans, Sauce Pans, Berlin Kettles, etc.; worth to 75c. Sale price.....	49c
NO. 3 GALVANIZED Wash Tubs; worth 75c. Sale price.....	59c
No. 2, worth 65c. Sale price.....	55c
No. 1, worth 55c. Sale price.....	44c
10c Plated Tea Spoons. Sale price.....	4c
1 LOT Plated Table Spoons. Sale price.....	5c
1 LOT Plated Table Forks. Sale price.....	5c
25c Collapsible Drinking Cups. Sale price.....	15c

HOME OF LOW PRICES—
Boston Store
J. STOLAROFF
316 & 18 E. OVERLAND ST.

things, indigestion or not enough shampoo. I have never failed to remedy the trouble immediately by trying both cures. Of course, it's awfully hard to shampoo long hair one's self, but when there is no hairdresser handy, I can do mine quite well by braiding it in two braids and washing one braid at a time.

Often it is very difficult to keep one's hair in good order and the scalp clean especially on the road. At such times I make up for it by brushing my hair about twice as much as I would ordinarily do and by keeping my brushes very clean. I always have two hair brushes one wire one for brushing out tangles and the other a bristle brush for polishing and oiling the hair. The reason why most brushing is virtually useless is because the brushes are not kept clean enough and one is just brushing the dust in again.

When you are brushing your hair to clean it rub the scalp over with a clean towel or a piece of linen. If the hair is very dusty dip the linen in bay rum and rub the scalp thoroughly. You can use a soft tooth brush if you prefer. This will keep the scalp in good condition even if you have to let it go several weeks without shampooing the hair and it's a good way to do when you are ill and not able to have your head washed.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets, when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.

Where Cool Sea Breezes Blow

San Francisco and Return... \$45.00
Selling:—Aug. 29th to Sept. 6th.

Portland, Ore., and Return... \$67.50
(Diverse Routing) Return via Denver.

Selling:—Aug. 29th to Sept. 6th. Limit Oct. 31st.
Oct. 12th, 14th, 15th. Limit Nov. 15th.

Los Angeles and Return... \$40.00
San Diego and Return... \$40.00
San Francisco and Return... \$50.00

Los Angeles and Return... \$35.00
Limit Oct. 31st.

Portland, Ore., and Return... \$60.00
(Go and return same route.)
Selling:—Oct. 12th, 14th, 15th. Limit Nov. 15th.

On sale June 1st to Sept. 30th. Limit Oct. 31st.

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